

# COLEMAN MINER

AND CARBONDALE ADVOCATE

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Coleman, Alberta, Friday, October 22, 1909.

\$2 00 Yearly

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We stock the highest grades of imported Cigars and Cigarettes. Our line of Pipes, Tobaccos and smokers sundries is complete.

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PHONE 57. PIONEER ORECK, ALTA

**COLEMAN AERIE  
OF F. O. EAGLES**

**Successful Smoker in Opera House  
Saturday Night last. First  
of the season.**

Last Saturday the 16th, the Eagles gave an enjoyable smoker in the opera house. Over three hundred eagles and guests were present, and all report a most enjoyable time.

Past President A. Morrison occupied the chair and filled the duties of this office in a very efficient manner. On his right was William Graham. The tables were laid for two hundred and an elaborate supper was served. During the supper a lengthy and amusing programme was rendered. Among those who took part were: D. Robertson, D. Lewis, J. Morris, J. Rogers, J. Kelly, W. Richardson, C. Leyden, J. Bryn and others. J. Kelly who sang "Sing me to sleep" was repeatedly encored.

A representative of the Vancouver Hotel was present and gave an interesting address. V. Allingham represented the Press and made himself at home with the goods. The meeting was voted a magnificent success.

**WEEDING**

The residence of Dr. Malcolmson was the scene of a pretty wedding on October 20th, when Miss Alice Pepper was married to Dr. T. G. Smith, of Ottawa, Ontario. A large number of guests were present and a most enjoyable time was spent. The happy couple were escorted to the train and showered with rice. They will spend their honeymoon in Winnipeg.

**ADDITIONAL LOCALS**

M. C. Wright, a big Liberal gun from Edmonton, was in town yesterday.

W. <sup>1000 VOL.</sup> of Winnie

is now in town and is to be interviewed at the Coleman

Prince Rupert is said to have a population of about 3,000 now, not altogether permanent, however. It has over one hundred business firms.

A party consisting of J. F. Povah, W. G. Norrie and F. C. Greene returned from a pleasant trip to South Fork yesterday where fishing, shooting and were freely indulged in.

The Coleman local of United Mine Workers' Union of America have just fitted up a reading room in the north-west corner of their hall where high-class literature, including many of the best Canadian dailies, is kept. The reading room is opened to the public, and great credit is due this organization, for providing such a profitable pastime for the people of Coleman in particular.

Dely's comedians, who have a well known and reputable reputation show in the opera house here to-night and will give one of their best plays which is entitled "Merry Widow, Jr." This company have just completed a twenty-week engagement at Calgary and two weeks at Lethbridge. The company, comprised of fifteen of the most clever comedians that have toured the west.

**WEDDING AT BLAIRMORE**

The marriage of Miller B. Dawson, of Blairmore, to Martha Parrot of High River, was solemnized at Blairmore on the 14th inst. by Rev. J. Sergeant. Mr. Dawson is the popular coppersmith at the Mar-En establishment. They will reside in Blairmore.

**THE GREAT MARATHON RACE**

The Thanksgiving excursion rates will bring probably the largest number of people ever yet gathered in Coleman to witness the ten-mile marathon race on the 22nd. Over twelve hundred spectators and the race promises to be a most exciting affair. A one-mile race will also be run with suitable prizes. The five silver cups on view in Alex. Cameron's window are a handsome lot.

Following are the officials for the day:

Start: J. Herron, M.P.  
Asst. S. 1st, H. C. Lyon  
Judge, O. E. S. Whiteside  
Asst. Judge, Mark Drummond  
Official timekeeper, J. D. S. Barrett  
Asst. " A. McLeod  
Manager, T. B. Brandon  
Gatekeepers, W. J. Bartlett, V. Allingham, C. Jones, W. Maclin and E. Johnson.

**COLEMAN JOTTINGS**

**Happenings of Interest in and Around This Bustling Town.**

**You Are Talked About**

D. H. Mowat of Lundbreck spent Tuesday in town.

Harry Wright of Nelson was in town Saturday last.

T. Ede, barrister at Blairmore, was in town Wednesday.

V. M. McGuire of Lethbridge paid a business visit to Coleman.

Corporal Stewart of Frank had occasion to visit Coleman on Tuesday.

A blue mark on your paper indicates that your subscription has not been paid.

Now is the time to leave your orders for wood at the West End Livery Stable.

T. Crahan, manager of the Michel Hotel, was a visitor at the Coleman Hotel this week.

O. H. Dingman, who represents the Winnipeg Rubber Co. at Calgary, was in town on business connected with his firm.

The work on the bluff will be commenced as soon as the agreement is signed by the C. P. R. authorities. We hope there is no more delay.

It is officially stated that the Grand Trunk Pacific will be completed from Lake Superior to within sight of the Rocky Mountains by the first of next June.

Rev. J. B. Francis of Calvary visiting Rev. and Mrs. Murray. Mr. Francis was a missionary in this district for some time. He is now in charge of a suburban church in Calgary.

Rev. T. M. Murray will preach on Sunday evening. Men are invited to an effort will be made to have a large audience at the service.

W. L. Osiomette is having a large and handsome residence built just north of the new school, of an ideal location. The house which is being built by T. W. Davies, will be modern throughout.

The excavating work is almost completed on the Eagle Block property.

The structure will be 75 feet by 25 and will be three stories high. Over 17,000 bricks will be used. All the brick is Bellister brick from Blairmore.

Gold hunters have been stampeding out of Dawson into a new Klondike goldfield in the interior. In Alaska two, the Iliamna country is at present the scene of a grand rush, with five hundred miners camped on the creek.

A Thanksgiving service will be served on Monday evening in the Institutional church at 8 p.m. At the close of the service an "at home" for an hour will be held with music and refreshments. Strangers are cordially invited.

The Church of England has at last secured a resident minister. For some time past the Anglican people have felt that this town should have a stationed minister as the work inspired on the Rev. M. Bott was too arduous. The new minister is expected to arrive in the first week in November.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Powell and family returned to town from Scranton, Penn., this week. Mr. Powell, who resigned the position as mine manager and superintendent with the I. C. & C. Co. about two months ago, will again take up his residence in Coleman and is occupying rooms in the Cameron block.

The name Nashville Students stands for the highest form of moral and universal entertainment to-day. And if you care for a good show that will give you an evening of thorough enjoyment, you will not be disappointed, as the people with the Company, have been carefully selected for his or her singing and dancing ability. This company has been before the people for twenty-five years and there is hardly a person in America who has not heard of them. The roster, this year, includes the following well-known artists: "The Mitchells," "The Parties from the South," Henderson and Bruce, whoelsales and retail dealers in fun, singing and dancing. Frank Edwards, who discusses the happenings of the present time and in a way that will make you forget your troubles. The other members of the company will do their share to make you happy.

**C. ROBINSON WINS**

**15 Round Boxing Contest ends in Ninth Round. Robinson too heavy for Hawley.**

Charlie Robinson is the champion heavyweight of Coleman, the title to which he amply proved on Monday night. Almost three hundred admirers and fight enthusiasts gathered in the opera house to see the all-absorbing fight, and everyone seemed thoroughly pleased with the evenings sport. Percy Porter is a splendid referee and made friends while performing the arduous duties of this position.

Hawley was game to the core, and showed plainly that he is a scientific fighter, but he lacked the necessary steam to put his opponent out. The fight by rounds was:

Round 1.—The men shook hands. Both sparred for 30 seconds, and then Hawley landed a left hand on Robinson's head. Robinson countered with a right hook to the kidneys. Hawley kept backing and sidestepping for some seconds, then a light exchange of blows was followed by a clinch. Hawley shot his right to the champion's jaw, jarring him. Robinson landed a left to Hawley's breast. Round ended with both sparing.

Round 2.—Both men came up cautiously. Robinson followed Hawley. Suddenly Robinson swung his right with terrific force and barely missed Hawley's ribs. Hawley swung and landed a blow on the nose. The men clinched. They then mixed it. Hawley cut Robinson's ear badly, while Robinson cut a slit on Hawley's cheek. Honors were even as they took their seats.

Round 3.—Robinson came up determined to end matters but had difficulty in landing on Hawley. Suddenly Robinson swung his right with a heavy left, and countered with his right to Robinson's face. Robinson sent Hawley to the floor with a heavy right to the head. The men spar and clinch. Robinson again drove his man by a blow to the breast. Hawley comes up smiling.

Round 4.—Round four was even throughout. Hawley led to the face, Robinson swung and missed. The men clinch and exchange short hard blows before referee could stop them. Round ends with the men sparing for a lead.

Round 5.—Hawley slightly has the better. He floored Robinson with a stiff right to the jaw. Robinson swung his left to the body and Hawley clinches. Hawley lands on head and gets away. Robinson tries to corner Hawley in his own corner.

Round 6.—The men both bleeding profusely come up with less vigor. Hawley does most of the landing but most of them were light. Robinson lands heavy on the body and Hawley replies with two uppercuts to the jaw. Hawley's round.

Round 7.—Robinson came up the freshest of the two. He lands heavy on Hawley's jaw and floored him. Hawley swung and missed, the map snarled for almost a minute. Robinson's round.

Round 8.—Robinson catches his man and floors him with another right to the jaw. Hawley took the count of nine on a mixup. A foul was claimed. But the referee decided against it. Robinson's round.

Round 9.—After sparing for a terrific right to Hawley's jaw. Hawley went down but got up at the count of 8 but had to be assisted from the ring. Robinson got the decision.

**McLaren's Mill**

F. T. Mercer returned from the ranch at Pincher Creek on Saturday night.

John Buchan went down to his ranch at Pincher Creek on Saturday last for threshing.

Douglas Wilson was at Clarshaven races last week and succeeded in pulling the Citizen's Purse with "Lioness." He also gave a Relay exhibition.

On Monday night at the opera house the Marvelous Cameraphone will be seen for the first time in Coleman. This machine combines the moving picture and phonograph. The illusion is perfect. See Blanche Ring step out and sing two songs almost as real as life. The only chance to see and hear the best vaudeville stars. This show has been a success wherever shown. It ran for seven months in Vancouver alone.

**HOW THEY DESIGN  
CITIES IN GERMANY**

**Colemanites Can Learn Some  
Valuable Lesson Before  
We Incorporate**

Frederick Law Olmstead, the famous park designer and architect, has been taking a post-graduate course in Europe and there finds many ideas which might well be copied on this side of the Atlantic. With the bureaucratic tendencies of Germany we are more or less familiar, and it has been pointed out before that the civic efficiency is there the rule, rather than the exception, is expensive. In the high salaries paid to individuals, but in the host of officials that is necessary to enforce the thousands of laws and regulations to which the citizens of Germany are obliged to conform. Moreover, it may well be doubted if an Anglo-Saxon community is temperamentally suited to a bureaucracy however benevolent its intentions. These objections being stated to any general adoption of German civic methods, there is no reason why we should not gather a useful hint here and there from the observations of such an authority as Mr. Olmstead.

**Streets in Three Grades**

One thing that struck him was the division of the city streets into three classes—main streets, secondary streets and residential streets. The plans of any given building are governed rather by the character of the street where it is to be erected than by the individual tastes of the owner. Where the streets are not laid out in common rectangular lots, the shape of the building must conform to the shape of the land. In city extensions new streets must be planned with as few gradients and deep cuttings as possible and also with the idea of preventing long, straight lines of streets. Sites for churches and schools must be provided before the new city buildings are to be taken up. Parks and public squares must also be planned in advance. The end aimed at is to secure a city that is beautiful in design from the beginning, for the German idea is that a city should not be permitted to "just grow up" than a house. A main street is made a certain maximum width, a residential street a certain minimum width, and a secondary street a prescribed intermediate width. Once a main street, always a main street is the law in Germany.

**Cities Own Outside Land**

A custom which Mr. Olmstead found general in Europe was the ownership by a city or other community of large blocks of suburban property. Often these blocks are forests or meadows which have been in the possession of the neighboring cities from time immemorial. Grazing lands, or areas of fuel. As the growth of cities has made them more valuable, they have been carefully husbanded, and used as recreation grounds. Their final state of development is reached when city landlords become exorbitant. Then the city will sell a block of its preserve for building purposes, or lease it and reinvest the money in land still further out, which will be handled by the next generation in the same way. Dusseldorf has a Special Land Fund Department, with a capital of a million and a quarter dollars for the purchase of outside land; but Mr. Olmstead doubts whether such a fund would be wisely and honestly administered in an American city. As the Germans do not disdain to make a modest profit out of their land dealings, the idea might not prove generally acceptable to advocates of public ownership.

**Protecting the property Owners**

One of the purposes in view in the system of district building regulations, which is a feature in recent city planning in Europe, is to give every lot owner a fair degree of assurance as to the sort of business that may be carried on or structure that may be erected in his district. That is to say, every man is given by the State some such guarantee as a man pays for in Canada when he buys into a "restricted" district. There are certain streets in Toronto where the title to the land prescribes the value of the house to be erected, and its distance from the street line; but usually these streets are new, and the old streets are without this protection. It is therefore, in the power of anyone on such a street as Jarvis street north, for instance, to start a livery stable, or a other cheap tenement, that will do hundreds of thousands of dollars' damage to the property owners.

(Continued on Page 5)

**Stop  
that  
Cough**

with a bottle of Park's White Pine Compound with Eucalyptol Honey.

**Coleman Drug Co.**

**H. A. PARKS**

**Night Bell.** Phone 90



**Cabinet Cigar Store**

**AND  
Barber Shop**

We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Pass of Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes and Fancy Goods for Smokers, at the very Lowest Prices

**There is no end to the varieties we carry**

We have also added a repair service to our business and we are now prepared to mend any pipe you can bring to us

**M. E. GRAHAM, Pro.**

**Palmer & Thomson**

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PUBLIC**

Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of Commerce

**COLEMAN AND BLAIRMORE**

Attend Coleman every Monday and Tuesday

**High-Class Tailoring**

**Best Men's Furnishing Store**

**In**

**Coleman**

# MAJOR GRAHAM AND OTHERS.

A Conspiracy That Resulted In Complete Success.

By CLAY ARMSTRONG.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Associated Literary Press.)

Major George Graham, retired army officer, had been a widower for ten years. His daughter Nellie was nineteen years old.

The major realized that he was growing old, but when it came to the daughter, he continued to regard her as a child. Every when she got into long dresses, he would not have been a bit surprised to find her walking the fence with a balancing pole or seated on the limb of a cherry tree. She had been away at school; she had returned; he knew that she went to parties, and he saw young men about the house, but he seemed to be in a dream about her age. In his thoughts she had not passed the rag doll stage yet.

Major Graham was enjoying his cigar on the veranda one evening and listening to Nellie's chatter in an abstracted way when that young woman made a sudden dive into the house and a young man came up the path and took the vacant chair. The major recognized him at once and might be recognized himself.

A young man's name may be much or little to the father of the girl he is in love with. In this case it meant little until an explanation had been entered into. Then it meant a whole lot. Young Mr. Hurlbert loved Miss Nellie; Major Graham believed him. He was of poor family, and his mother's respects; he knew she was an only child and realized how hard it would be for the father to give her up, but he would love, protect and cherish her always. The major was so shocked that in his excitement he threw away a cigar that had been only half consumed, a thing he had never done before with the gun roaring around him.

Just what the man of war said to the young man of peace need not be recorded here. The gist of it was that his daughter was still a child, young Hurlbert was only a "kid," and that he should put his foot down against such nonsense. Yes, sir, it must be stopped. You, sir, and your son, his daughter son, Yes, sir, and—so forth. And the young man took his departure a human wreck, and Miss Nellie, who, of course, had heard all from an open window, sought out her good aunt and buried her face in the lap of the old woman and mourned out: "Oh, Aunt Mary, I shall die—I know I shall die! Father won't let Will and me get married!"

Aunt Mary was not a matchmaker, but she had rather favored the young man. She gave what comfort and sympathy she could and after seeing the weeping "child" tucked into bed she sought the father in an attempt to soften his heart.

The major was wanting some one to talk to just then, and she got all that was coming to her. She had been remiss, she had been careless, she had neglected her duties as a chaperon, she had allowed a young man to lay a claim upon the virtue of Graham. With her eyes wide open she had allowed an infant—yes, man, an infant—to fall in love and engage herself in marriage to—well, to a young man.

In vain Aunt Mary tried to execute herself. No one had ever talked back to Major Graham, B.S.A., and got the better of him. And when he did, he could utter twenty words to her face, and the odds were too great, even for a woman's tongue. She retired from the contest to say to the tearful maiden in waiting:

"If your father doesn't get over this and talk sense I'll—"

"You'll do something, Aunt!"

"I don't know what I'll do, but you wait. Here you are, nineteen years old, and he's talking as if you were not out of bibs and high chairs."

There was hope that if Aunt Mary went around with a serious look on her face and had little to say and that if the daughter went about with tears in her eyes and a sad, benumbed expression at intervals the major might come down off his high horse, but after three days of it he seemed more determined than ever. Finally, at the end of a week, the sister said:

"George, if that girl slopes to get married you will have only yourself to blame."

"My children have taken to sleeping," he replied in cutting tones.

That night there was a meeting of conspirators in Miss Nellie's room. There were only two conspirators, but they were enough. The major was asleep and dreaming of battle as they planned. There were no more tears nor more sighs. Next morning a little note was sent to young Hurlbert. That night he disappeared off the face of the earth.

That night a good Aunt Mary was engaged for two hours carrying bundles and other things up into the attic, and when morning dawned again another sudden shock was ready for Major George Graham, retired. He was sitting his horse outside his stable, entering the dining room to announce that Nellie's bed had not been occupied during the night. The exclamation made by the major when a bullet killed his horse was repeated on this occasion, and a minute later he was upstairs.

"I predicted it," observed the sister as she followed at his heels.

"Look for a note," he replied.

"I have looked. The poor child left

none. She left herself driven from home by a cruel father, and how could she write?"

Young Hurlbert had just become the junior member of a law firm in the town. Major Graham walked into the office and demanded information of his new partner. "What?" he asked. The young man had gone camping. He went to the depot; he went to the police; he telephoned here and there. Then he went home to wait for news and to say grimly to his sister that, while he would do everything possible to bring his "infant" back, he would never, never forgive her. She had given up her name and must take the consequences.

The day was passed and no news. It was the same with another day. The major was sorry that he had bluffed as he had. The sister took care to keep telling him what a cruel father he was and how much Nellie must have suffered before taking the step he had taken by evening of the second day the old war hero was calling himself names.

The scene was the veranda again. The major was smoking and sighing when young Hurlbert suddenly appeared. He was not shot down in his tracks. He was not even taken by the throat.

"Sir, I understand you were inquiring for me the other day," he quietly remarked.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Where is my daughter, sir?"

"The last time I saw her was here at your house."

"And you tell me—you mean that she and you did not elope?"

"Yes, sir; Major Graham, do you think I would coax your daughter into such a thing?"

"But she is gone. Whom did she go with?" Where is she?"

"I cannot tell you. I was off camping."

"Mr. Hurlbert, I refused you my daughter's hand, but at the same time I believed you an honorable young man."

"I believe I am, sir."

"And your daughter would do nothing to disonor her or her dear old daddy?" said Miss Nellie as she suddenly appeared and sank down at her father's knee.

"You can't knock an angel," he gasped.

"Why, I've not been away. I got tired of my room and moved up into the attic for a change. It's just lovely up there, only the mice made me afraid nights. You didn't think your Nellie would run away just because you were little cross, did you?"

"I don't understand this a bit," said the major as he recovered his senses.

And then came the last shock. His sister came forward and said:

"Why, brother, it's easy enough to understand. They are in love with each other and want your consent to their marriage."

The major wouldn't have been the major if he had given them his blessing then and there, but the records show that he did within the next month, and that was good enough.

An Anecdote of Verdi.

The first production of Verdi's opera "Othello" took place at Milan, and all the prominent musical critics of Europe gathered in the Cathedral City in honor of the occasion. Among them was a Parisian journalist of wide reputation and admitted authority in the musical world. His first care on arrival in Milan was to seek out Verdi, and ask if he would be allowed to be present at one of the dress rehearsals. The composer received him with extreme politeness, but replied that he could not possibly grant his request, as he had decided that the rehearsals were to be absolutely private, and he could not make an exception in the case of one journal.

The Paris critic, far from pleased at this answer, protested that in these circumstances his account of the opera might not all be he should like it to be. "You see," he explained to the composer, "I shall have to telegraph my article to some newspaper, and it necessarily has to be hastily written, and the impression in Paris the next day may suffer in consequence."

But Verdi was more than equal to the occasion. "My dear sir," he made answer, "I do not write for 'the next day.' " The critic bowed himself out.

He was right, for this answer, professed at this answer, protested that in these circumstances his account of the opera might not all be he should like it to be. "You see," he explained to the composer, "I shall have to telegraph my article to some newspaper, and it necessarily has to be hastily written, and the impression in Paris the next day may suffer in consequence."

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Soup Without a Spoon.

Soup without a spoon seems even harder to negotiate than meat without a fork, and we can sympathize with the complaint recorded in the diary of Felix Flatter, a young Swiss, who went to Montpellier in 1552 in order to study medicine. He lodged in the house of a physician, one of the greatest doctors of the time, and as you write Flatter, "we were compelled to eat our stew in the usual French fashion—that is to say, picking the meat out with our fingers and then drinking the broth. In vain we begged our hostess to let us have spoons, but not a single one was to be found in the house, the only implement on the table being a large spoon fastened with an iron chain. No one here seems to have ever heard of spoons which are at home and so useful." Montaigne was astonished when he visited Switzerland in 1580 to find that "at all meals they put on the table as many spoons as there are people present."—Westminster Gazette.

About to Make a Change.

"What is he doing now?" breathlessly asked the agitated young woman, with her eyes on the daring aeronaut who was clinging to his paraplane.

"He is about to sever his connection with the balloon," replied her escort. "He accept a position a little lower down."—Exchange.

Three witnesses—a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and an Irishman—were asked for their definitions as to what constituted a "gentleman." The Frenchman, "is a man in a family that has five counts in his family." "No," said the Dutchman. "A gentleman is a man that never gives pain to others." "A gentleman," said the Irishman, "is a man that when you come to him, that gets out the whisky and tells you to help yourself, and walks away to the window while you're doing it."

## HARVEST CUSTOMS.

Quaint Ceremonies When the Grain is Gathered.

In many places there are curious and quaint customs connected with the gathering in of harvest. They all bear a certain resemblance to each other, but have different designations.

When the last shock of corn on the farm has been cut in Devonshire, a cry is heard from one of the resisters: "I've gotten it!"

"What hast thou gotten?" shout the others. "I've gotten the neck!" yell the first.

At the racing, the race has been rapidly nearing its completion, the oldest, laziest, over goes round the field picking the best ears of corn he sees in each shaft. These he ties together, and intricately plaited into a sort of broom, which with "knack," and when the cutting of the last corn is heralded with the shout, "I've gotten it!" the reapers gather together, and are guaranteed free from expense.

Mr. H. Matthews, of the field, One, says, "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl who had a weak stomach and was badly constipated. Baby's Own Tablets cure all sorts of trouble, and I have given them to all the other minor ailments of babyhood and childhood. The Tablets are easy to take and are guaranteed free from expense."

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**Some Exceptions**

A well-known writer was touring Ireland. "You see them mountains," said the driver of the jaunting-car.

"The wurrard," "Is that the highest mountain in Ireland?" asked the surprised Crerand.

"It is," assured the driver, "in Connemara."

It was at a bacon-and-bean dinner given by a lady to the prisoners in an American prison.

The supply of bacon was always very limited, and a prisoner, having received his share, called out, "I say, warden, you've forgotten the bacon."

"The warden hardly took notice, and the prisoner continued, "Oh, no! I beg your pardon, I find the bacon has got hidden under one of the beans."

It was night and the door—

"Good night," said Staylate. "I've enjoyed myself immensely. Now, next Sunday night I—"

"That will be nice. Good night," said the warden.

"Will you kindly close the door?"

"I beg your pardon, I find the bacon has got hidden under one of the beans."

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# THE THING THAT WAS BEST.

**They Concluded It Was Above Even Music or Painting.**

**By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ**  
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

He had not come to the little seaside place for idleness, although it was true, because he was tired and over-worked, he had come for rest and recuperation. He had brought with him cameras and colors, and by permission of his landlady he was allowed to improvise a tiny studio in a building outside the boarding house.

She, too, because she was nervous and restless, had come for change and quiet. Like him, also, because she loved her art, the summer could not be enjoyed to the exclusion of that art. Hers was music. She had an exquisite voice and was studying for the operatic stage. The landlady considered this with an addition to her little sea-side place.

To be a really great painter was the man's highest aim. To be a singer, in the same sense, was hers. And there was one other point of similarity—for the furtherance of their respective arts love and marriage had been quite laid by.

In the veranda of the cottage the ladies who knitted and embroidered called him hard names because he chose rather to be alone in the boat or strolling on the sands or cooped up in his six foot studio than to mingle with them. But this was before she came. The night that she arrived he did an unusual thing. He took a rocker on the veranda, and he kept it in the shade of the vines, whence he could see her face. Often, after that, he watched her furiously as he heard her



SHE TOOK OFF A STRIP OF HER PECTICOAT TO BIND IT

practicing. Yet he envied no interest in her voice.

His omission and his commission both were observed by her, and both were resented, if she was beautiful at all, she thought. She was a musical fire and a beauty afterward. It gave her no pleasure to be admired for her appearance by one who had no appreciation of the music.

One day out of the ladies who knitted and embroidered—Miss Burgess had paid her a compliment.

"Yes?" asked Judith, with a delicate uplift of her eyebrows. But it was with difficulty that she concealed her expectation.

The woman clicked her needle several times. "He said he would love to paint you as you looked when you were young."

"Thanks," returned Judith, flushing crimson and raising her dainty chin in the air. "I do not aspire to be an artist's model."

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Burgess inquired if she would care to come to his studio and look at some canvases. Now if Miss Burgess took pride in her art, she was not in the least little in her. She knew nothing of pictures. Nevertheless she went.

"You say nothing," he observed, with a strange, slow smile after she had made a survey of his work.

"I don't know good pictures from bad," answered she. "To me, personally, they are equally unappealing."

"Quite seriously?" The smile had disappeared.

"Oh, seriously. You see," with a prinkingly exquisite gesture of her slender hand, "it's much the same as your indifference to music. Fancy your liking music, for example, simply for its visible effect on a singer's face!" She was rapidly growing indignant.

He felt the tension of her rebuke. Long ago in his days he rebuked.

"Ah, it is as a singer that I wish to paint you!" he cried. "You know, people forgive artists for personalities. The other day, when you were singing that thing that made your color play and your eyes gleam, I veritably tingled for my brushes. Would you—perhaps—try again?"

"Indeedly not," answered she. "I could not dream of disarranging my art. You would like me to sing, to let my soul inter-fuse in my voice—so that you might get the effect on canvas." There was no mistaking the ringing song in her voice.

"Indeedly not," said he. "I have offended you," said he.

After he had seen her to her studio, he came back to his studio. One after another, slowly and discontentedly, he examined his pictures. One after another he laid them down with a sense of disappointment and nodes and frowning.

"I wonder?" he questioned vaguely.

going to the window and looking toward the sea. "I wonder?"

The sea rolled on and on, under the expansion of enigmatical sky, and gave him no answer.

One day, some weeks later, Judith was on the softest little pier where Max Burgess came for his boat. That morning she had happened to hear him speaking to a servant. He was giving some orders about the packing of his effects. And now, as she stood on the hot sands, a reckless impulse came to her.

"Why are you leaving?" said she. "My art doesn't get on very well. I'm falling back, somehow. My eyes were on the horizon.

"Would you still care about painting me?"

"Would I care?" His eyes were no longer on the horizon. It must have been that which made the blood fly to her cheeks.

"Well?" said she. "If you ask me to return to you, I'll go in your boat we'll talk it over."

So they rowed out and presently they were far from shore. He must have been looking at her hands instead of the land, or he would have seen that they were getting into the very heavy sea; that each moment the skies were growing darker. Spray entered his dark hair and glistened there as for an appreciable fraction of a second. She quickly averted in the bed of a black storm.

"Isn't it glorious?" said she, with added joy.

His eyes questioned her keenly. She challenged, and then he understood.

With an effort he brought the boat around and pulled for safety. His thin journey showed the lines of his arms and upper torso superbly. Judith had been fascinated. Then the rotten oars cracked.

She tore off a strip of her pecticoat to bind it and make it strong enough for work.

Put an oikisk about her. Her hair brushed his face. He kissed her only once, but she was carried fully and drew a damp curl forth from under the edge of the cowl where he had tucked it and then she laughed under the look in his eyes.

"Attend to the boat!" cried she. And the oikisk was new—rich yellow; the boat was scarlet lined; her hair was like midnight, and her face was a flower. Yet he, the artist, the lover of colour, must needs attend to the boat!

When they were safe at last, when he was helping her ashore, he looked at her with a protecting tenderness he had never imagined her capable of.

"Ah," cried she, "if only you care for my art!" She looked on at him. His hand masterfully sought her mouth.

"But there's something bitter, sweet heart—there's something else that even music or painting can't find. I found it, do you think?"

"I think," she admitted reflectively and demurely, while a smile was running riot over her plump face, "we've found the thing that is seen another coming."

## TAKING THE RISK.

An Englishman's Idea Regarding the Art of Living.

Let me tell you what a great sportsman, who had broken hundreds of puppies of all sorts in his life, never had a single one that he could not chase, shoot, write an Englishman. His plan was to take his puppies constantly among fowl and sheep, and to take the risk of chasing. If they did chase, he would give no word of warning or reproof; but he would treat the whole business with contempt. And so his puppies never thought that chasing sheep was punishment, and because they took the risk of temptation they were never tempted.

One day this sportsman, who understood the very souls of dogs, gave his idea to an Englishman. The Englishman, however, was not so much interested in the idea as in the method. He went to his kennels, flung open every door, and set free some score of setter and retriever puppies. He turned them loose in full of poultry, turkeys, guinea fowl, chickens, ducks—hundreds of them of all ages. Into the mass of birds charged the puppies, helter-skelter, just as though they were born untrained. They were screaming into the trees, snapping at old turkeys, frightening a venerable Rouen into a fit, but chasing none more than a yard or two, and only in contemptuous play.

Just so should risks be taken in training children, where the risks are never dangerous. The wise and never-warned never fear.

Treating all manner of foolishness with contempt, she takes the risk that her children will wish to walk in the way of wisdom.

If I were a preacher, I would go to found a religion, and all men would be made wherefore afraid? Take the risk! Strike—when you can afford to be knocked down. Demand the highest price, and hold out for it—when you can afford not to see Lent freely—of your surplus wealth. Miss the train—when there is another. Invite all men to your house when your servant is well trained in service. Not as you do, but as you do what others think. Let the golden moment pass—when you see another coming."

## ARMY JOKE.

So The London Bystander Describes Connaughton's Job.

The following article on "The Army Commissary and Practical Joke," from The London Bystander, written by a military correspondent, is of interest:

The Duke of Connaught has assigned the post of Field Marshal Comptroller-in-Chief and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean and High Commissioner in December, 1907. Now His Royal Highness was ever induced to accept this comical appointment it would be difficult to say.

It was invented for the particular purpose of finding employment for a member of royal house, who was not "wanted" elsewhere by the Whitehall big-wigs, was obvious to everyone at the time.

A glance at the pages devoted to the commands of the army in the current Army List will provide con-



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

siderable amusement to a man with a little military knowledge. The Home commands come first, naturally, and then the East Indies. So far, so good. Then the inquiring eye alights upon the Mediterranean and High Commissioner. For a moment he wonders whether the Navy List has not been picked up by mistake. Let us look into this odd business. Under the maritime capital letters are ad-

mirals' names. For instance, Egypt, Gibraltar, Malta and its Dependencies! And this extraordinary assortment is officially described as the Mediterranean commandant. Now let us look at the names from Gibral-

tar. First coined in 1783, Mr. G. A. Redford, who is very much in the limelight at the moment, has read 7,000 plays, which works out to about upon ten per year, but he allows a few guineas for reading each play of two acts or less, and two guineas for a play of more than two acts—fees which are paid to the authors who write for the stage. Last year the amount of Mr. Redford amounted to £1,300. A play was once sent to him to be written in the Welsh language, and he could not understand a word of it, it either meant that he would have to learn Welsh or else the author would have to provide an English translation.

Eventually the latter course was de-

cided upon.

## One of the Martyrs.

In Westminster Abbey there is a monument to Sir John Franklin, with an inscription that is full of pathos.

The inscription recites that the col- umn was erected by the widow of the explorer, Lady Franklin, "who, after many years of waiting, and after sending many to search for him, died in 1869, trying to save her husband and to find him in the realm of light."

## A FRENCH DREAM.

L'Automobile Devises Scheme For Invading England.

Here is another chance for alarmists and sermonizers. Berlin having shown the world a plan to fly across the Channel what is preventing France manufacturing thousands of aeroplanes and invading our shores, just as this aviator did, while the Englishman sleeps calmly in his bed?

The success of the enterprise, from a financial point of view, would be unqualified," it says. "Statistics are convincing."

The scheme which could be realized soon after the congress must be estimated from England's trade, approximately £10,000,000,000. The expense can easily be reckoned up. Aeroplanes will cost £150,000 each and be required, each to carry three soldiers besides the pilot. These machines would be fitted with 50-h.p. motors, and have a speed of fifty miles an hour.

"Ordered in large quantities, they would not cost more than £200 each. The first year would bring 150,000, the second 200,000, and the third 250,000. The cost of the aeroplane would be £60,000,000."

"Various objections have been made to the aeroplane, such as the result of exceeding shyness."

The shyness which could be realized would be overcome by the Queen, who is a girl who was nervous to a painful degree, but since her marriage placed her in a position of such extreme responsibility, she has become a Queen.

"The Queen's shyness has stimulated the inclination to shrink from public life. When one remembers that the princess royal has allowed the same kind of shyness to keep her from the public eye, the magnitude of the effort made by the Princess of Wales is more completely realized."

She takes the Queen as her model in most things, even in the colors she wears, the style of her hats, and her methods of hair-dressing.

Knowing, however, that the Queen was always the ideal woman of the past,

Gives the power to follow her own inclinations, the Princess of Wales would have been wife, mother and homemaker first, and the purely artistic second. This would be her scheme in the sphere of things. She is the stanchest friend in the world, kindly and generous to a fault, and her household and servants and children about her are honest and happy always and wins the love and respect of all for their departure.

Given the power to follow her own inclinations, the Princess of Wales would return immediately to Sancaktepe and occupy the villa which she had built for her own convenience in the scheme of things. She is the stanchest friend in the world, kindly and generous to a fault, and her household and servants and children about her are honest and happy always and wins the love and respect of all for their departure.

Moreover, the aeroplanes would return immediately to Sancaktepe and occupy the villa which she had built for her own convenience in the scheme of things. She is the stanchest friend in the world, kindly and generous to a fault, and her household and servants and children about her are honest and happy always and wins the love and respect of all for their departure.

These plans, viewed from both military and aeronautical points of view, are impeccable, leaving no doubt as to the feasibility of the enterprise.

The net proceeds, all expenses deducted, at the minimum, would amount to £5,000,000,000.

No one can deny that it is one of the most grand schemes from which their royal mother suffers so keenly may be a trouble unknown to them.

## A LOVABLE WOMAN.

Princess of Wales Called Cold Because of Her Shyness.

The Princess of Wales is a very much misunderstood woman—as are often country girls. Her nature, equated with indifference well for her health in life. The coldness and stiffness of her public manner, the comparative infrequency of her smiles, so often described as "cold," are the result of exceeding shyness.

A girl who was nervous to a painful degree, but since her marriage placed her in a position of such extreme responsibility, she has become a Queen.

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## Woman's World

MISS MAY MORRIS.

Daughter of William Morris to Lecture on Art Subjects.

Among the interesting people who will lecture in this country in the fall is Miss May Morris. Miss Morris is the daughter of the poet and artist William Morris. She is a keen student of historic design and embroidery, and a practical crafts-woman. She learned in the old way—namely, by working from the very beginning in her father's workshop, supplementing this invaluable training by a few years of study in the art schools and museum at Kensington. As William Morris had no other pupil working in this way, her knowledge of his method is unique.

For many years until his death Miss Morris had charge of the designing and most of the work in the embroidery department at Morris & Co.'s. Some of her most interesting pieces were designed for America, and a pair of silk curtains called the "Vivian Garden." During the past few years Miss Morris has produced considerable jewelry. She has followed the fortunes of the Arts and Crafts society from its foundation by her father and his friends until the present day and is deeply interested in the movement, which has developed so remarkably in England. She has given lectures on design and embroidery at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, at Manchester, at the Society of Arts in London and other centers.

While here she will lecture on "Medieval Embroidery," "Pageantry and the Masque," "Historic Costumes" and "Design in Dress."

—The Simple Life.

One hears so much talk about the extravagance and luxury indulged in by the people of this country that it is decidedly refreshing once in awhile to find something that points in the opposite direction.

A striking illustration of the fact that in some respects Americans are learning something about the simpler life, if not the simple life, may be had from the table manners of the diners served at the White House now and in past generations. And in making this comparison it must be borne in mind that just as the customs of the royal households in England and European countries set the fashions for those countries so, to a certain extent at least, do the usages of the White House influence the customs of this country.

A writer who compares the president's dinners of the present day with those of former times points out the fact that while the diners nowadays are more frequent than in the old days, they are over in one hour and a half at the latest, and the courses are fewer and more simple. Formerly no dinner was thought complete if it failed unless the table was groaned with supplies. The courses were freighted with rich dishes and liquors were abundant. The courses lasted till midnight. It was not unusual to sit them through. Nowadays before going to the ladies have time to chat in the parlor after the dinner and the gentlemen to have a good smoke in the library of the president. The change is surely one to be looked upon with favor and is not without its parallel in the private homes of the country. Ten or fifteen years ago a smart dinner party used to consist of twelve or fourteen courses, and it is to that length that buffets would be considered to be in poor taste, the modern hostess contenting herself with seven or eight courses at most and in many cases with five or six perfectly served courses.

If the woman of today could also copy the practice of the first lady of the land in making entertainments more frequent and less elaborate another victory would be gained for the right sort of hospitality.

Girl You'd Hate to Treat.

She who is sugar sweet until she thinks she is alone. Far better be like an alligator peer with the roughness on the outside than resemble the tempting wild plum with bitterness within.

The girl who is careless to return home. This habit may spring from heedlessness, but it bears watching.

She who flatters you while she never has a good word for any one else.

The girl who openly boasts of the married men who are in love with her.

The girl who gushes over her love for her parents while she lets her over-worked mother mend and launder for her and spends more than her father can afford.

The girl who dresses lavishly on a small income. There is a distinction between looking well on little and cutting a splurge on nothing at all.

The girl who is proud out for show and vain—she is a sight whose name is unknown.

The man who complains that matrimony should make it possible to see his Angelina off guard.

The girl who is horrified at calling a spade by its "right name," but whose name in literature is laud.

The girl who has great tales of her prowess as a worker, but who never seems to be doing anything.

The real workers—those who work hard and do not need jogs for the living.

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**IS 'SOCIALISM AN ENEMY TO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT?**

We quote at length W. J. Thorold, the managing editor of the "Canadian Mail" London, England. He says, "As a result of my visit I shall feel much better equipped to aid in the work of the "Canadian Mail" in helping to send English money to Canada. The rise of Socialism in Great Britain has frightened capital there and as a consequence it is seeking investments in Argentina, Chile, Japan and certain countries but the publishers of the Canadian Mail believe that the best place for it would be in Canada and we are endeavoring to give the investors who are seeking employment in their money the facts concerning sound Canadian enterprises and industries that will convince them of the desirability of investing their money in the Dominion."

Other leaders of public opinion and heavy investors express similar expressions as to the great cause of alarm at the rise of socialism. Industrial development can only be established by the outpouring of capital into a country where there is an exhaustless store of raw material. Perhaps no other country in the world possesses the raw materials in ores and mineral than Canada. And not twenty-five per cent, has yet been touched. British, American and French capital are willing to come in and assist develop their country provided first that the enterprise is a paying proposition and second that no untoward disturbances will prove a damaging effect to the investor and the consequent suffering to a multitude of people.

It is because we lack great transportation facilities that the British investor hesitates to invest his money? We hardly think so. His dread, and it is a righteous one, is socialism. In Argentina, Chile and Japan socialism is rampant and the flow of investments increase year by year. These investments are a great asset to the country and a blessing to its laboring people.

Socialism may be described as a corrupted state of society where the untaught and the shiftless fellow claim equality with his neighbor. If his neighbor possesses a large share of this world's goods, he should share with his fellows. If not, then the state must do it for him. Making the state the robber does not negative the sin.

Here and there in Canada socialism is popping up its head, disturbances both industrial and political follow. No shrewd investor, guarding carefully the true funds of widows and orphans would dare to throw money away in a country where men banded together, clamor for the public wealth regardless of their personal attainment. It is this that makes socialism so attractive and seductive. Take away the idea that the rich will have to share with the poor and the ranks of socialism melt like talcumous in summer. We want British capital and we need industrial development. Do we need socialists?

**EDITORIAL NOTES**

Life is no railroad dream these days. Put your fare and a third in the train, it will soon be a third more.

To thank means to think. Monday will be Thanksgiving Day, so scatter some thoughts promiscuously.

It's a dead cinch that the man who tries to get incorporation will be blamed for trying to serve his own interest.

Mr. Stocks has consented to do all in his power to help us. Another reason for celebrating on Thanksgiving Day.

Some spots in Alberta are crying for transportation cars. From this distance it looks as if there were more spots than cars.

The public meeting called to discuss incorporation was well attended. Every ratepayer in the town was there at his home.

From recent enlightened investigations we find that the workingmen have more to fear from incorporations whose business is railroading, "not mining."

We know of one coal company in the Lethbridge district which fears no competitors. It can ship coal at cost, it can laugh at other companies pay a higher tariff per ton, it can make enormous profits. Who owns it?

THE COLEMAN MINER is for sale at all the Drug Stores in the Pass.

**Happenings at Blairmore**

A thanksgiving service will be held in the Central Baptist Church on Monday, the 23rd at 11 a.m. All denominations are invited to unite.

The Baptist Ladies Auxiliary are giving a social on the 27th inst at the Central Church, commencing at 8.15 p.m. All are invited.

T. Povah is on a short trip to the South Fork.

D. G. Drain spent a few days on the South Fork this week.

Men for McLaren's log camps are arriving daily.

Our next week's news will invite the people of the Pass to visit Blairmore and inspect the Marathon Silverware on display.

Spence Lewis returned from Clareholm races on Sunday. Lioness the fast Blairmore horse won the ½ mile dash over Landoff and Irish Lad.

Blairmore will have three entries for the Coleman Marathon, Miller, Wahs and Holms. All three are rounding up in good shape and the man who defeats them will have to go the distance inside of 1.40. The distance is ten miles.

Captain Beebe returned from a trip to the coast on Tuesday.

Mr. Floyd is here to install the electric light system for the Rocky Mountain Cement Company, this company will also light the town.

The firm of Messrs. Barrett and Brandon intend to publish the Blairmore Enterprise in November. Blairmore is growing.

It is about time that some good reliable person leased the rink and prepared it for the season's skating and games.

James Dougal went last week to Calgary on business.

**CARBONDALE NOTES**

The new hotel which will be commenced next week in Carbondale will be one of the finest equipped hotels in the Pass. Over \$30,000 will be expended on it and it will be entirely modern throughout. Situated on the main street and on a rising position it will command an excellent view of the town and the valley of the Old Man River. The hotel will be open for guests in January.

The building at Carbondale still goes on at a tremendous pace. The once barren hills and plain is now a cluster of houses, offices and coal mining structures.

**WEDDING**

A very pretty wedding took place in Coleman on October 20th at the home of Mr. David Banks, where Miss Teresa McCabe, of Manchester, England, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. William Banks. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. M. Murray. An informal reception was held afterwards.

**Lille Jottings**

Friends here are already collecting subscriptions for the children's Christmas Treat, so we may expect this year to be up to last and, by the way, Lille has always taken the lead in this direction.

A young man named, Mike Maxim, employed at the "washery," was seriously injured on Tuesday afternoon. He was removed to the hospital and was attended to by Dr. Snyder, when it was found that his right arm was broken as well as other minor injuries.

**NOTICE**

The Council of Coleman Municipality will be at the rock bluff west of Coleman at two o'clock, p.m. on Monday, Oct. 25th, to meet any who may desire to tender for making a road from Coleman to Slav Town. A prompt attendance requested.

ALEX. CAMERON,  
Chairman of Council.

**Contractor**  
and  
**Builder**

All kinds of carpentering work done on the shortest notice by first class workmen.—No order too large, none too small

**T. W. Davies**  
Coleman, Alberta





## AFTER SIX YEARS OF INDIGESTION

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made a Permanent Cure.

There are many medicines that will relieve indigestion for a time—there are few that will make a permanent cure. But there is one medicine that is a sure cure—that medicine is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have saved thousands of cases—many cases of years standing. Cases like that of Mr. John E. Seale, of Montreal, Que., after many other medicines had been tried and found unsatisfactory. Seale writes: "For nearly six years I suffered with indigestion. During all that time I was constantly taking medicine for the trouble, but never got more than temporary relief. Finally I turned to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using them for some time the trouble disappeared and I am now able to eat heartily without the least trace of the suffering I used to experience. I draw from my own experience, strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a permanent cure for indigestion."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are good for pale people, because their pale skin is good for, since they make good blood—that is why they cure rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the ailments of girlhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"What a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor who had called.

"He isn't six months old yet, either," said the proud young mother; "and he weighs over twenty pounds."

"What have you named him?"

"Well," hesitated the mother, "Henry and I differed a little about that. We wanted to name him after me, but we finally compromised, and agreed to call him John Wesley."

"I see; you named him after the great founder of Methodism."

"No, indeed," quickly interrupted the mother, "that name, as I said, is a compromise."

"But how?"

"The 'John' is for John Wesley, and the 'Wesley' is for John Wesley."

"Oh, I see."

**Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere**

The little daughter of a certain clergyman has reached the age where she will want to appear her, and who is very sensitive to the remarks of an older brother.

Not long ago she came running to her father.

"Papa, papa, George called me names."

"Why, what did George say?"

"Oh, said the little girl, with a strong expression of disgust, "he said I didn't sound what I preached. I don't do it!"

"Well, my child, I—"

"But I don't, do it, I—" I don't any more than you do it!"

At that the clergyman flushed. But took a half hour from his sermon and explained the meaning of the obnoxious expression to the best of his ability.

A Connecticut farmer planted tobacco seeds that had lain in a jar for forty-five years. The seeds raised healthy plants and were declared to be tobacco by factory experts just in time to save them from going into the cold smoke.

**Do It Now!**—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may prove difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within reach of all, is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative of the market. Do not buy it, but by them now. One will be compelled to confess that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled 'Hurrash, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"

**Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.**

**The Old, Old Story**

"Don't chide me for carrying a revolver. This little gun saved my life once."

"How exciting! Tell me about it."

"I was starting, and I pawed it."—Cleveland Leader.

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, bringing about diarrhoea, which may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canals of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further attacks reduces the health condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.

**No Secret**

"What was the secret of his success?"

"No secret about it. He just minded his own business."

### THE LATE DEAN EGAN.

Many Were Friends of the Late Well-Loved Catholic Dean.

Regret over the death of the late Rev. Father John Egan, Dean of Barrie, is not by any means being confined to those in his own religious communion. The possessor of one of the biggest hearts that was ever put into a man, of the most delightful and winning tongue that was ever exceptionally witty tongue, this man was welcome wherever he went.

Anecdotes by the score have been related of him, some of them true and others false, but a number of them of course have found their way into this journal. Probably the best of them, which was published two or three years ago, and is still well known, is the famous story he made to a certain prolate who rebuked him for being so fond of horses, saying that his mind should be more placed upon spiritual matters than upon material things. The old man was burned on the heel, instead of the thigh very badly. I at once applied some Zam-Buk, which soon healed, and in the course of a few days the wounds were thoroughly healed.

Mrs. George Aldridge, 12 Louise St., Stratford, says: "While playing barefooted about the yards my son Bertie, who was then about four, fell into a glass bottle, which cut very deeply into his big toe. The cut was so deep that I sent for a doctor and had the foot properly dressed, the doctor having to saw off the toe joint. Under this treatment, however, the wound seemed to get no better but on the contrary inflammation set in. A kindly neighbor then recommended Dr. Egan. We obtained a supply of Zam-Buk. We applied it daily after a few applications the child seemed to rest better, and the pain was very much reduced. In a few days, under the Zam-Buk treatment, we had a better healing, and from the time healing was very rapid. Inflammation and soreness were finally completely banished, and in ten days from the first application of Zam-Buk, we took the child to a doctor, who told us that but for Zam-Buk the child would have had a very bad time, and might have lost his sacrifice to the toe."

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### DEAD AT AGE OF 124.

Joe Coture of Owen Sound Claimed

1785 as Birth Year.

Joe Coture is dead at 124. In his death Owen Sound loses one of its best known figures. A man of giant frame and strength consistent with his size, he was a conspicuous figure, whether on the street, or in his beloved shop, which he had built the old man had been building. His big frame grew gaunt his step slow. About a month ago, while cutting wood, he gashed his toe with a sharp ax, and was not able to withstand the shock.

According to his own story, he was born in 1785, and was therefore 124 years old. His mother was a second wife of a Frenchman. The first three years of Joe's life was spent amid Indian surroundings; then his parents came to this locality and settled among Indians. Joe's birthplace stands. His early years were spent here; but the "wanderer" of his Indian ancestors asserted itself, and for years he traveled, visiting places in Canada and the Republic to the south. His wandering over, he returned and spent the rest of his days here, fishing and hunting and trapping until game became scarce.

On one occasion, it is said, he went to buy a barrel of salt for his fish. The merchant said, "Barrel? What barrel? You have a barrel if you'll consider it." "All right!" growled Joe; and stooping, he caught the barrel by the chimes, and with a heavy hoist he lifted it over his head and set it across his broad shoulders. Then, grinning at the discomfited merchant, he walked off, carrying the barrel. When one looked at the man, a year or so ago—six feet four inches tall, and built like a horse—what he thought was a sure tip that a spot on the prairie named Denwood was to be the divisional point. When the line was going through and the proprietor of the hotel was being paid, the proprietor of the hotel asked him what he thought was a sure tip that a spot on the prairie named Denwood was to be the divisional point. With real western enterprise, with all the strength and vim of the line ready for traffic to come, waiting already to be the centre of life for the new western hub, gate-way or bread-basket—every town in the line was chosen as a divisional point. Nothing daunted, the proprietor proceeded to haul his hotel to the new town at the end of the prairie, which is now Minard's Liniment Sun.

### A Quebec Custom.

The custom of placing a green branch on the roof of a newly-built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French-Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany.

The custom was originated from the ancient custom prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit. Consequently, it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was created to take its place. This was supposed to cause some bitterness on part against society.

Rather than risk having these trees ill-fated and disgruntled spirits visit their ill-fortune upon the house under construction, upon the magazines. Van Norden's Magazine, a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be safe, and if they were not so until the tree grew on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.

### Canada's Fine Cheese.

W. A. McKinnon, Canadian Trade Commissioner at Birmingham, England, in report to the Trade and Commerce Department, says that Canadian shipments of cheese since May show the greatest improvement in richness, flavor, and appearance of any year since 1901. For the year ending July 30 the total imports of cheese into Great Britain were 116,824 boxes, of which Canada supplied 76,974 boxes.

### Sugar Water.

Eau sucree is said to dispel thirst more efficaciously than any other drink, and it is simplicity itself. Put three large lumps of sugar in a tumbler, add a few drops of water and allow the sugar to dissolve, then fill up with more cold water. The French say that the perfection of this drink consists in letting the sugar first melt slowly in a small quantity of water.

### A BOON TO MOTHERS

When Children Are Injured!

Children are always sustaining cuts, bruises, burns, etc., and not infrequently contract ringworm, scalp diseases, and similar skin troubles at without equal for all these accidents.

Mrs. Thomas Allen, 152 Water St., St. Mary's (Ont.), says: "My daughter, a two-year-old girl, was severely burned by falling on a hot flat iron. She was burned on the heel, instep, and on the thigh very badly. I at once applied some Zam-Buk, which soon healed, and in the course of a few days the wounds were thoroughly healed."

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### THE SPECIAL WRITER.

Arthur E. McFarlane Has Achieved Fame in U. S.

In these highly developed days the writer of a special article is expected to put fancy as well as the real facts into his material. He is expected to be epigrammatic, to put life blood into his stuff, to make readers sit up and laugh here and there take it seriously in the end. That's what Arthur E. McFarlane, the well-known young Canadian magazine writer does. If he didn't deliver the goods he would not have so many of his articles accepted and highly paid for by big publications.

McFarlane's special article on the material for a special article these days, and time means money. And the fact that any one of a dozen leading editors is ready to pay "McFarlane" fees is a good sign and more necessary to get wise on what you think it's worth."—this fact means that McFarlane is delivering the goods.

Just as modern painting has developed, so has the art of writing, and the old crudities of the middle ages—whatever pedants and academic critics may say to the contrary—so modern illumination and allegories have broadened and blossomed into subtleties of complex and refined beauty besides which the best examples of the ancient monks seem but as archaic as medieval.

Now comes Mr. McFarlane, sojourns with strange folk here and there to study their habits and language, and to learn their customs and manners. He has accumulated a large fund of good stories. One that he told the other day to a newspaper seems to be the best that but for Zam-Buk the child would have had a very bad time, and might have lost his sacrifice to the toe."

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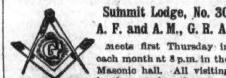
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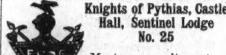
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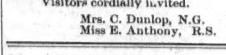


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